Lilies and Limes

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10902093.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Loves Will, Will Loves Hannibal, Cute, Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Food is Not People, Comfort Food, Drawing, Teasing, Dinner, Cooking, Flowers, Language of Flowers, Metaphors, Extended Metaphors
Language:	English
Series:	Part 21 of Fluffy Murder Husbands
Stats:	Published: 2017-05-14 Words: 1,584 Chapters: 1/1

Lilies and Limes

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Hannibal should not be surprised at the slight chill up his spine he received when Will rejoined him at his side in the marketplace and takes his hand in his. Just the slightest touch, every time, is enough to drive him to the edge of his already questionable sanity.

Notes

so I got inspiration for this piece while looking for things to make for dinner ;) the blogger had a little story before the recipe that I just had to incorporate. Here! is the recipe that inspired it if you're curious!

See the end of the work for more notes

“You know, it’s creepy to watch people while they sleep.”

The suddenness of the muffled comment only caused Hannibal to pause in his sketching enough to see Will covering himself back in in the sheets he had kicked off in his sleep, muttering something incoherent. Hannibal smiled, going back to draw looping curls over the figure of Will sprawled out, lost in dreams. There was a sigh from the bed before Will pushed the sheets back down to attempt to glare at him, but there was no hiding the sparkle of amusement in his eyes and smile.

“I did not think I was disturbing you,” Hannibal answered Will’s question smoothly, going back to his drawing. “It was not my intention to wake you.”

“Woke up when you brushed the hair out of my face. Not so sneaky there, doctor,” Will remarked, letting his head fall back onto the pillow. “But I thought I’d indulge you and pretend to sleep so you could continue. Though I could have gotten dressed and wiped the drool off of my cheek.”

“Au naturale, the only way to capture a subject in a state of perfect calm.”

“You know, you can’t use that excuse every time you start drawing me,” Will teased. “You also said that when I was reading on the couch, and playing with Cephy, and washing the blood off of my face, and fishing, and laying out on the beach, and-”

“All completely valid points,” Hannibal replied, adding just the right amount of creases around Will’s eyes, the ones that were visible when he laughed.

“I thought I was your husband, not your favorite area of study anymore.”

“You will always be my favorite subject of study, and I intend to document every aspect of you,” Hannibal smiled, enjoying this back-and-forth.

“And what are you going to do with all of these drawings?” Will asked, quirking an eyebrow. “Personal amusement?”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal said, a bit of wickedness in his eyes. “Or perhaps I could-”

“We are not going to get caught because the FBI got mailed pictures of me in bed,” Will chastised lightly. Hannibal smiled, and then decided to close the sketchbook and set his piece of charcoal aside in favor of moving back towards the bed, taking hold of the sheet only for Will to clutch it harder in rebellion, unable to hold back his laughter, a warm sound that Hannibal could not resist. He didn’t even mind as the charcoal stained the clean white sheets as they both fell back into bed and didn’t leave it until noon.

Hannibal should not be surprised at the slight chill up his spine he received when Will rejoined him at his side in the marketplace and takes his hand in his. Just the slightest touch, every time, is enough to drive him to the edge of his already questionable sanity.

“Hey,” Will said gently in greeting, squeezing his hand once.

“Hello,” Hannibal said in response, looking over the wild bunches of flowers at the stall before them. He had wanted to pick out a few and slip them into a vase at home as a surprise, but he should always remember that Will Graham is a perfect surprise in his own way. He might as well get his opinion. “Do you see any you like?”

Will gestured towards a messy bunch of lily of the valley blooms, perfect white flowers that seem to stand out from the rest. “Those are nice.”

“I think I’ll make a table setting out of them.”

Will laughed at that, a pure and musical sound. “Of course, god forbid we ever just eat on the couch.”

“The couch has a cherry finish and velvet covering, it would be a crime to ruin it.”

“Funny, you didn’t say that three days ago when we were-”

Hannibal let out a laugh, and Will smiled. “A fair argument.” He noticed, then, the bag in Will’s other hand. “And what is that?”

“Thought I’d make dinner for a change,” Will offered. “Is that alright?”

“I would be honored,” Hannibal responded, regretfully letting go of Will’s hand so that he can select the specific flowers he wanted. He chose to have the flower seller make a crude bouquet of the lilies bunched together with lime blossoms, and presents it to Will who accepts it with a raised eyebrow and a teasing smile.

“Lovely. I should be blushing.”

“That would be a sight to see.”

“Maybe later,” Will laughed, shifting his bag into the crook of his elbow so he can take Hannibal’s hand again. “But I’m starving, let’s go home.”

If anyone else had told Hannibal Lecter that they were using the kitchen and not to interfere, they would not have lived very long. But Will is like no one else, and glides through each day with an immunity none have been privy to. Hannibal’s extent of helping prepare dinner was apparently limited to arranging the flowers in the emerald glass vase and pouring two glasses of white wine for the both of them, before sitting at the counter and watching Will’s fingers pull apart the delicate white flesh of the tilapia.

“What are you making?” he asked over the rim of the glass. Will smiled as he rinsed his hands off before moving the garlic and onions simmering on the stove onto a dish for later use.

“Something I used to make by accident,” he said as he poured more olive oil to the pan before adding the fish. “Used to not be able to handle the fish when I was younger, it always fell apart when I tried to cook it. Dad eventually showed me how to pluck out the fish bones beforehand so we weren’t picking at them during dinner.”

“But it took a long time, as fish is better prepared with the bones intact,” Hannibal said, watching the pieces of flesh start to crisp at the edges as Will returned the garlic and onion to the pan. “And you wished to do the best you could by keeping it all together.”

“Yeah,” Will agreed, stirring the dish. “But I started making it like this, I got good at it. Making the best out of an unforeseen situation. Fish fell apart, so add some shredded vegetables and herbs. Now, it’s not a catastrophe. It’s organized chaos, all the different elements and flavors mixing together as though it was always intended to be this way.”

Hannibal could only smile at the sight before him as he enjoyed another sip of wine, watching Will squeeze the juice of one whole lime into the pan as he turns the stove off and and stirs carefully two more times. It smells delicious, and Will pairs it with a simple side of brown rice with a little cilantro and salt, and a small pat of butter.

They took their respective seats at opposite ends of the dining room table, and share eye contact over the bouquet arrangement at the center of the table. Hannibal smiled after just one bite of the dish.

“This is delicious,” he declared, and Will laughed a little, a slight blush to his cheeks and creases in the corners of his eyes.

They ate in respective silence, the only sounds being the scrapes of forks against the china, the enjoyment of good food winning out over conversation. They have enough of that in their day-to-day lives. Quiet is good, their lives together have never truly been quiet until now, until here.

It’s taken a long time to get here, things have fallen apart, broken, been lost in the struggle, but now they are here, and that is all that matters.

Later that night, Will doesn’t even look up from his book when he feels the bed dip down beside him and Hannibal’s face pressed against his neck, but he does smile.

“Hey,” he said softly, shifting against the pillow supporting his lower back, and he moved the book to one hand so that the other arm can reach back and wrap around his neck, his fingers coming to a rest tangled in Hannibal’s hair.

“Hello,” was Hannibal's muffled response, his breath tickling the side of Will’s neck and causing him to laugh. Hannibal reaches his hand out, tracing across the scar on Will’s stomach until he reaches the end and his hand rests on Will’s other hip, pulling him closer. Will relaxed into the touch, taking a deep breath and inhaling the scent of laundered sheets, the stupidly expensive product in Hannibal's hair, and hints of the lime and mint sorbet they had shared for dessert. Calm in the eye of their storm.

Hannibal moved to nuzzle against Will’s jaw line, and murmured, “Say it again.” He doesn’t specify what he means. He doesn’t have to. He asks at least once a day anyway.

“I love you,” Will murmured back, and he can feel the smile against his skin before Hannibal moves his head back up and Will moves his fingers out of his hair in order to rest his hand on his shoulder. Their foreheads press together, breathing a laugh against each other's lips.

“I love you, Will,” Hannibal said, returning the affection before they share a languid kiss. Will had to let out another laugh when they broke apart and Hannibal asked again. “Say it again.”

Will does.

Over and over until the book slips from his hand and drops to the floor, long forgotten amid the twist of crisp white sheets.

End Notes

Flower language I discovered in my research:

lily of the valley - Sweetness, humility, returning happiness, Trust

lime blossom - ...lust, fornication (coincidence I swear, I was going to use limes regardless of their implication! :)

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

Come visit me on Tumblr!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!